

coherer, runs up to the distributing wires, and then flies off into space, just like lightning."

Storms No Hindrance

"But don't stormy nights hamper you?" I asked. Simms laughed. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but the worse the weather the better results we get in many cases. I've seen us receive messages with greater clearness during a cyclone than on a still night. Hello!—they're calling us up from sea."

He started the little clock-work motor, and a thin paper tape began to unwind itself from the spool. On it a message appeared, a long, broken line, which represented the dots and dashes of the Continental code, which is used exclusively by Marconi establishments in preference to the Morse.

"Dot-dash-dot-dot dot-dash," read off Simms. "That's L. A., the Lucania's signal. Here it comes—'Fifty

miles west of Fastnet—we're working well tonight—all well; please report me to my owners.'" I could not make head or tail of the broken line on the paper but Simms read it as easily as if it were cold print. "I'll give him some news now," he said, and seized the transmitting key. The room was filled with blue light, the hissing cackle of the induction spark was deafening.

"Murder in New York; woman barbarously mutilated; supposed to be work of Black Hand ruffians. Stop." He recited the words as he rattled them off. "What's 'stop' for?" I asked. "Shows a news item is finished. Now for another: 'Sultan of Turkey forced to abdicate; Young Turks invade Constantinople,'" and so on, paragraph after paragraph of concise information such as might prove interesting to passengers who have been days at sea.

"They've had news every day and night," said Simms, in answer to an

ejaculation from me. "They got it by long-distance wireless. No, I shan't be able to show you that—it's a secret. Wait till half-past nine and you'll hear it go off."

The tape on the spool ran off slowly and quietly, and after a while lines appeared again. The Lucania had got the messages and was returning thanks. Then followed a few private messages, which Simms carefully wrote down, to be transmitted by land wire to the nearest postoffice and thence to friends at home.

Know Where Ships Are

"Here's something that might interest you," said Simms, indicating a framed chart on the wall of the room. I looked—it was to all intents and purposes a printed representation of a very intricate game of cat's cradle; lines crossing and re-crossing everywhere.

"What is it?" I asked naturally. He said, "That's our chart—communication chart officially. It shows exactly the position of any ship carrying the Marconi at any given time during the month. They're served out fresh every four weeks, so we can tell to a few miles exactly where a ship will be at a given time. Here you are—look along this circle—it represents our short-distance radius; two-fifty miles. Here's the Lucania; 9 o'clock—sixty miles west of the Fastnet—she's ahead of her time. It's easy enough when you know a ship's speed and time of sailing. Every Marconi ship—there are over one hundred and twenty of them now—has a similar chart put aboard, and her Marconi operator knows just when and where he's likely to meet with other fitted ships, and to send messages accordingly. Bless you, they might have telephones aboard liners nowadays; they play games of chess with one another at a distance of 200 miles, and keep it up voyage after voyage. No end of stories to be told about the Marconi, if you're interested."

Various other ships came within range as I waited there; German ships and French ships, and each one made itself known by its allotted number and asked for news.

"It's getting time for long-distance now," he said after a pause. "You can hear it—I daren't let you see." He telephoned to the engine house, and the reply came back that all was in readiness. "Every ship within 1,500 miles is waiting for this," he said. "They know the hour for transmission. Well, so long; but plug your ears with something—I use cotton wool." He disappeared into an inner room and I waited.

Like Heavy Artillery

Suddenly a sound as of nearby artillery firing began. The hut shook to its foundations; an acrid scent of electricity filled my nostrils. Everywhere flashed mighty sparks of electricity; the finest lightning display I have ever seen was nothing to it. The harsh, biting crackle of the power was stunning; it seemed verily as if man had chained the elements to his will, and was playing with them as with a giant toy. Fifteen hundred miles away ships were waiting to hear whether stocks had continued their steady rise of the past week; and they were not disappointed.

For the best part of half an hour the thunder continued, and then it died away, and peace reigned in the wireless house. Simms reappeared, looking as unconcerned as if he had merely been sending messages from town to town over a solid wire.

"We have to wear rubber gloves, and insulate ourselves all over," he said; "we use a pretty strong current for long distance. Enough to kill a few men, if it happened to get mixed up with them. Now we'll settle down to ordinary work again."

And throughout the night the marvels continued. Ships sent their messages and were answered to their satisfaction; news items were flashed through the darkness, and always the wonder grew.

"And it's only in its infancy yet," gloried Simms. "Wait a year or two and you'll see developments. What do you say to torpedoes being steered for a couple of miles—and if a couple of miles a couple of hundred?—by means of this same wireless? They're experimenting with it now. We shall soon be able to direct waves to any part of the compass.

He was an enthusiast, and he saw visions. But I had seen enough marvels to content myself with realities; and when I left Pol-Bryann it was with the conviction that I had witnessed the working of the greatest invention the world has ever known.

TWO OF A KIND

The dean of a western university was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."—The Argonaut.

THICKLY SETTLED

While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice, "They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

VICTORY BAD ENOUGH

In a corridor of one of the University of Texas buildings there is a large replica of "The Winged Victory." A waggishly-inclined student observed the headless, armless, footless statue, and wrote underneath: "God pity Defeat!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

NOT TO BE FOOLED WITH

It seems that although an alligator may be trained, there is a tendency to "revision," as the evolutionists say. It was an old colored woman who remarked that she trusted the Lord, but never fooled with him.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

CHEATING THE LAW

Man on Shore—"I'm going ter have you arrested when you come outer thar!"
"Te—he! I ain't coming out—I'm committing suicide," (sinks with a bubbling grin).—Life.

PHYSIOLOGICAL

"Effe," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"
"Why," replied Effe, wisely, the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—Tit-Bits.

THE LINE OF ARGUMENT

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is the Arctic circle?"
"The Arctic circle, my son, is an imaginary line bounding a large area of uncorroborated evidence."—Washington Star.

Women are only charged half rates at the hotels in the more northern countries of Europe.—Ex.

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